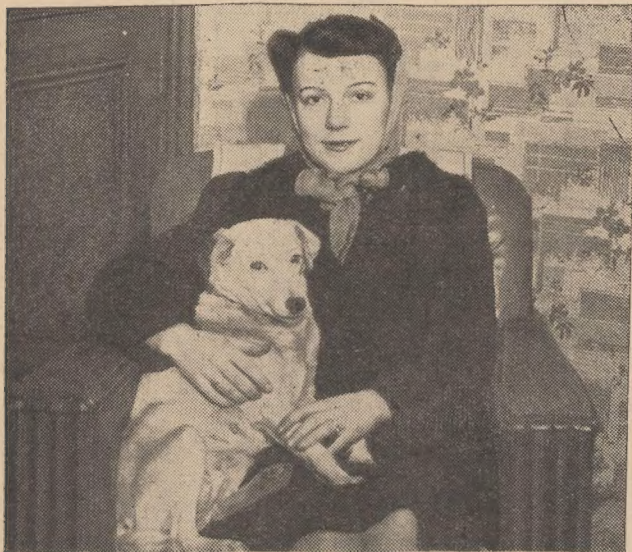


# Good Morning <sup>321</sup>

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Love from Madge and Trixie to A.B. Tom Helliwell

TRIXIE was the first to spot us as we approached your home at 34, Woodhead-road, Bradford, A. B. Thomas Helliwell, and she gave us a noisy but affectionate welcome.

We found Madge, your wife about to go out shopping, but she soon forgot that when we started talking about you. She is fit and well, Tom. Incidentally, she's feeling jubilant because she has dared to do something you said she hadn't the nerve for. She said you would know what that meant, but in case you don't, we'll give you a clue—eating has been rather difficult lately.

Don't be surprised if you find several small replicas of Trixie running about when next you

come home! She has decided to settle down to family life.

Dennis and Willie are well, and want you to send them some foreign stamps if you get the chance. Joan and Sally are in the pink, too, but they've been dabbling in peroxide lately, so now there are two blondes in the family. Sally's husband is overseas, and liking it.

Your mother and dad, James and Harry are all fine and hope to spend their holidays in Blackpool this year.

Lillie is well and happy. Her baby, Joan, always points to your photo and gurgles happily when she visits 34.

**WORRY** is like a cloud of raiding aircraft. Analysis is the ack-ack that dissipates it.

Here's the way to analyse your troubles, the right way to weed your thoughts and keep the mind tidy and free for the enjoyment that squeezes its way into every day, no matter how arduous.

Have you ever discovered, for instance, that worry is energy running to seed? Simply that? Worry is untrained thought running around in a circle—and it's surprising how many people take their thinking for granted, and never discover for themselves how to STEER their thoughts.

When you're worrying, it's just like burning crops while people are starving. The energy you could have used in tackling a problem is being burnt up by useless wondering and perplexity.

When someone tells me he's bitten by the worry bug, I nearly always discover it's because he hasn't learned to use the steering wheel of his mind. Perhaps he hasn't acquired skill in dealing with situations or learned to separate the practical from the impractical.

Just think for a moment! Take a pencil and paper and make a list of the things you ever find yourself worrying about, whether it's the folks at home, money, or leave difficulties. Whatever your worry, write it down.

Now look at your list closely. You will find your worries are of two kinds—the worries about things you cannot control and worry about things you can control or alter.

**YOU** have now taken the first step in analysis.

You cannot control the dangers of war. You can control, by taking deliberate constructive thought or seeking advice of others, a worry about money matters.

Clearly, it is useless to worry

about things you cannot control. "I know that," a man told me the other day, "but I worry just the same!"

I persuaded him to ferret out the cause of his worry. Worry about uncontrollable causes is generally mixed up with love or fear, self-love or self-interest. My friend recognised his worry as fear for his wife. He realised he must accept this fear as part of the price of a husband-and-wife relationship in war-time, and now it has lost its burden.

You can analyse all your problems in this fashion, either into their proper setting or else into constructive action. Worry is killed by analysing the most suitable course of action and following it fearlessly.

Don't be afraid of taking decisions. Don't forget that when you postpone a decision **YOU REALLY MAKE ONE**. Putting off writing a letter to a new girl friend, for instance, is actually a decision not to correspond for the time being. Postponing a trip to a dentist is merely a decision to let your teeth get worse.

Analysing one's mind, and making it up, is the greatest

Madge asked us to tell you that she hasn't forgotten how to make those fritters you like so much, and also that she is making up some more poetry to send you. Here's a gentle hint from her—the garden needs turning over again.

That treasured wedding picture is still on the sideboard, and that small snap of you on the radio. Trixie behaved well for the "Good-Morning" photographer, especially when we told her it was for you.

As we were leaving Madge gave us this message to pass on to you—"Tom, dear, lots of love." Trixie said the same with her eyes.

## He "won" Marathon—pie-eyed (By W. H. Millier)

**EVERY** so often one can hear the remark, and read it in print for that matter, that the Italians have always been good runners. Just how the myth originated I have not yet been able to discover.

In order to make sure, I have just been wading through the running records for the past fifty years, and cannot find one Italian name to bolster the myth.

It may have been due to the undue publicity given to Pietro Dorando in 1908. In those days the Italian restaurant workers of Soho had an athletic club presided over by one of the restaurant proprietors, who, a few years ago, was given his exit visa from this country following a clean-up of London's West End.

The star of the Italian waiters was Dorando, who, although not particularly fast, was a wiry little runner who could seemingly stay for ever.

Dorando entered for the Marathon race in the Olympic Games of 1908. These games were held at Shepherd's Bush in connection with the Franco-British Exhibition, for which purpose White City was originally built.

The Marathon race was over a distance of 25 miles 385 yards, starting from the grounds of Windsor Castle and ending in one and a half circuits of the Stadium track. It was a gruelling hot day, and as the spectators perspired in their places it may be imagined how

readily their sympathies went out to the well-nigh exhausted runners who had sped along the dusty roads for twenty-six miles.

When the shouts outside the Stadium heralded the approach of the leading Marathon runner excitement inside the Stadium ran high.

The atmosphere was tense when, through the opened gates, rolled a diminutive figure in shorts and singlet that were shrunk to the body as if the owner had just been rescued from drowning.

**IT WAS DORANDO.**

The Italian contingent shrieked with delight.

Had the race finished on the entry to the Stadium, all would have been well for Soho and Saffron Hill, but to complete the course the winner had to run one and a half times round the track.

It was then that the pent-up feelings of the crowd were let loose. Dorando not only could not run, he could scarcely walk—nay, it was almost too much for him to stand.

As the nearest rival to Dorando had not yet entered the Stadium, it is conceivable that the little Italian waiter could have crawled on all fours and still have won the race.

There is nothing in the rules which says that a competitor may not finish on all fours.

But Dorando never thought of this, and it is doubtful whether he thought of anything at the time. He just

floundered on, covering more ground than necessary by rolling from side to side of the track.

Many of the crowd were delirious. Some held their breath, others bawled out at the top of their voices, and a number actually wept.

Would he succeed? What agonising moments! Had ever an athlete taken such an age to pass round that running track? What a hero! What wonderful spirit made him urge his leaden legs to carry him just those few more yards to the finishing tape?

Even the hardened officials, accustomed as they were to men breasting the tape all out to finish in an inert heap a few feet away, were moved to pity.

So moved was one of them that when Dorando fell a few yards from the tape he assisted the helpless runner to his feet and to the finish.

The cheering and joyous pandemonium that broke out may be better imagined than described. It must have meant a fine harvest for the Harley Street specialists in the days that followed. The joy, however, was short-lived.

**DISQUALIFIED.**

It was soon announced that Dorando had been disqualified and the race awarded to J. Hayes, of the United States, who had come in second in the order of finishing.

This caused howls of anger and much heated con-

troversy, but the officials were correct.

The newspapers made the Dorando disqualification the splash story of the day. Sob-stuff writers took a few extra pinches of snuff, churned out columns on the glory that was Rome, and quoted divers poets to round off the dramatic effect.

The poet they did not quote was old Omar Khayyam. This Persian poet-philosopher, with his 800-year-old free advertisement for the booze barons, would have supplied the key to the story.

All the three-bottle boys know his famous line: "What is it the vintners buy one half so precious as the goods they sell?"

The cork is out of the bottle. Dorando's discomfiture and his disqualification were brought about by one of old Omar's well-meaning disciples. This worthy was the publicity expert of a well-known energy-maker.

Let us give it the purely imaginary, unproprietary name of "Broncho." You know the sort of thing—a photograph of the winner, who ran a marvellous race, all due to "Broncho!"

Our publicity friend provided plenty of "Broncho" in order that there should be no deception, but he also supplied lashings of champagne all along the route.

If Dorando had taken the bubbly externally in the form of a bath he could have dawdled the race, but it was

*Noted Industrial Psychologist*

*Dr. William Laing, to-day*

*talks about the Art of Analysis*

*and how it works*

victory one can have over worry. You can be sure that General Montgomery himself had to win a victory over worry before he won any victories in the field. He had to analyse his problems by regimenting them and looking at them. Then he made up his mind.

Weeding out worry is tantamount to keeping your brain free and tidy. It means that your troubles—even the worst can be analysed out of existence.

You soon learn to recognise worry. Say to yourself, "Here is a worry! What is it about? Can I do anything about it? If I can't, there's no sense in worrying. If I can do something, let me work out what it shall be."

But this is where a red light flashes. A friend of mine, Professor Fernberger, of Pennsylvania University, recently carried out some observation tests on his students in the act of thinking. A very simple demonstration of his shows how habit and preconceived ideas restrict purposeful analysis and constructive thought.

Let me give you something to worry about, for instance, in these nine dots arranged in the form of a square:—



The problem is to connect them with a series of straight lines without lifting the pencil from the paper. Easy to do it in five lines, but can you do it in four?

The difficulties demonstrate how ironbound is the average person's thinking. When you find yourself confronted with a problem that refuses mastery by ordinary analysis, you need to shake yourself loose—and tackle the matter from an entirely new viewpoint.

One solution to the dot problem, for instance, is this:—



Now your mind has been shaken into a new solution pattern you will think of others. You can jolt yourself into new thought patterns, too, by talking over your problems with other people. Make up your mind—and avoid negative decisions. You may make mistakes, but you have plenty of time and determination within you to correct them and try again. We can all weed our worry-thoughts.

## Home Town Shorts

**SOMEONE PINCHED OATH.**

**WHEN** a Sunderland Police Court was in session recently the proceedings were held up while police constables searched for the framed copy of the Oath, which had disappeared.

They had to go on without it. Mr. F. Morton Smith, the magistrates' clerk, raised a smile and said, "Somebody's stolen the oath. Larceny in the court itself."

**GEORGE III MUST GO.**

**WEYMOUTH** ratepayers are annoyed. The object of their annoyance is the familiar statue of George III which has "graced" the town's Esplanade for very many years.

"Farmer George," that homely, if weak-minded, monarch, used to visit Weymouth frequently, and may be said to have laid the foundation of its popularity as a holiday resort.

But the "King's Statue" is an eyesore to many of the present inhabitants, who want it removed.

Advocating this step at a

meeting of Weymouth Ratepayers' Association, Captain A. E. Desmond suggested that soldiers should be invited to use their pickaxes on "this offensive statue," or else put a charge of dynamite under it and blow it to smithereens.

His resolution urging the Town Council to remove the statue at the earliest opportunity was carried without a single dissentient.

**Footnote.**—The statue was erected by "the grateful inhabitants" of Weymouth!

**ZIP-FASTENED?**

**THESE** modern children are growing up without knowledge!

A sailor came home to Truro not long ago and presented an aunt of his with a small bunch of bananas.

She gave her six-year-old son one for breakfast. The small boy let it lie on his plate, showing no eagerness to tackle it.

When asked what he was waiting for, this poor little chap said, "My knife and fork."

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# Danger in the Malay

## The Sea-green Grocer

### PART VIII

MR. 'TCHENS sighted the deputation issue from the foc'sle and bolted into his galley like a homing rabbit, where he dropped the skylight and secured the doors. With the mechanical dexterity of one who had done such things before, he lifted the lid off a pan of boiling water and placed a long-handled dipper within easy reach. Having completed these mediaeval preparations, he took up the cleaver in one hand and a poker in the other, and cautiously pushed open the upper half of the door.

The men had ranged themselves in a semicircle outside, under the direction of Hairy Butler, who had constituted himself Master of Ceremonies. They looked as if they meant business, and the cook drew back as he noted the strategic position of the pan of cold stew in the Irishman's hand.

"Me colleague the Professor has a word to say to ye," said Butler in austere and formal tones. The cook said nothing. "Was this the stuff you gave the Queer Fella to take forward?" demanded the Professor gravely.

"Yes."  
"And what is it?"  
"Stoo."  
"What sort of stew?"  
"Hairy stoo."  
"Ye're a dirty liar," roared Hairy Butler. "I ate better stew in the Russian calaboose in Vladivostok, and me on low diet at the time. Ye're neither use nor ornament, ye rat-faced grub-spoiler, ye beady-eyed spud-barber, ye galley-boy's ghost."

"And I'll tell youse what youse is, the whole bleedin' lot of youse," screeched the cook, firing up in his turn. "Yer a pack of bleedin' belly-worshippers, yer Scribes and self-righteous Pharisees, grinding the fices of yer fellow-workers." His protruberant eyes gleamed behind his spectacles, and the hand holding the cleaver quivered with rage.

"Not content wiv slaving beneath the yoke of the capitalist and living forward in feasting and purple linen, youse must go far to turn on yer comrade as produces food, instead of spinning a wheel at the horder of a bloated oligarchy, must youse? Youse can't intimidate me, I—!" He broke off abruptly as he caught sight of Butler raising the pan stealthily, and retreated to the rear of his fortalice.

## WANGLING WORDS—274

1. Put a Scottish stream in LAUM and make a tree.
2. Rearrange the letters of R.A. ASSAULT AI to make a continent.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: OVER into SEAS, CLUB into SUIT, DARK into DAYS, LONG into ROAD.
4. What famous scientist is hidden in this sentence: A heavily laden pack-horse cannot go far a day? The required letters will be found together and in their right order.)

### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 273

1. PARAFIN.
2. BEETHOVEN.
3. JACK, PACK, PACE, PATE, PATS, POTS, HEAT, HEAL, SEAL, SELL, DELL, DOLL, POLL, POOL, COOL, COMB, COME, HOME, HOLE, HALE, HAVE, HIVE, COME, CONE, CANE, CANT, CENT, SENT, SEAT, SLAT, SLAY, SWAY, AWAY.
4. To-oth.

"Gone to earth, hell roast him," said Hairy Butler ruefully, putting down the stew. "What'll we do now, ship-mates?"

"Suppose we was to bring the hose to bear?" suggested Old Dick, his wrinkled face lighting up. "That would make the budmash jump."

"True for ye, Methusalem," said the Irishman admiringly, "and to think I've been saying all this time yer head's thicker than nine planks. D'ye hear that, me bold Lobscouse, we're going to baptize ye into the proletariat wid all due ceremony, no tedious delay or unnecessary expense."

But Mr. 'Tchens was not destined to suffer ordeal by water after all, thanks to a diversion caused by the engine-room cassub, the Malay whose presence aboard had so much exasperated Captain Hughes. Carrying a bucket, he pushed his way rudely through the group of sailors to the fresh-water pump, against which Calvert was leaning. Only the foc'sle esprit de corps had induced the silent sailor to give his moral support to this undignified slanging match; and it was with very bad grace he made way for the Malay.

"Khabardar, white man," said the cassub roughly, elbowing him aside. "Get out of my ways."  
An instant later he was flung headlong over the trimming hatch, his empty bucket clattering into the scuppers. Snatching a short iron batten from the cleats, the Malay scrambled to his feet and sidled wickedly towards his white-faced assailant. "I Inglesman, same belong you," he babbled. "I coming Cardiff, you no beat me all the same coolie man. I savvy you plenty, bye an' bye you go gaol khana. I see you Calcutta side, you no see me, 'Orchomenus' chota tindal. You name no Calvel, you name—"

The batten dropped to the deck as Calvert got him by the throat, grinding his fingers into the hollows behind his ears. Pybus felt sick as the cassub's purple tongue began to protrude.

"Chuck it, Calvert, you're killing him," he burst out, pulling at the sailor's shoulders. The Professor hauled him away. "Stick to your own pidgin, Queer Fella," he said. "We'll interfere, if necessary."

"That fella will be lying for ye wid a knife one of these dark nights, Calvert," said Hairy Butler seriously, as the Malay was at last permitted to sink away.

"I hope he tries it," replied the other coldly. "I've met his sort before." The cook watched the crowd drift back to the foc'sle without regret.

### By Jasper Power

A WAKENED suddenly by a reverberating crash, Pybus sat up like a jack-in-the-box, rapping his head smartly on the bunk above him in the process. The whole foc'sle shook to the deafening rattle of the cable whirling through the chainpipe, while the grocer stared wildly round in an attempt to locate the cause of the uproar. He began to get alarmed as it dawned on him that the foc'sle was deserted. Where was the watch below? Had there been a collision? The banging and clattering had stopped; but the silence that followed was worse, that death-like silence which comes after weeks of unnoticed thumping from the engines. Without waiting to put on his shoes, Pybus rushed out on deck.

He was somewhat reassured by the sight of two men by the break of the foredeck putting the pilot ladder over the side, and hurried up to them eagerly.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.



"Strikes me the end of the war won't be long now, Nobby. 'E's startin' to be civil!"

"Propeller's gone to the bottom in ten thousand fathom, China's grappling for it wid the hook," said Hairy Butler.

"She's run down a tramcar which was trying to cut across her bows," Old Dick contradicted. "The Old Man has gone in the dinghy to get the conductor's name, so's he can summons him."

"By the dee-eeep, eight," sang out the Professor from the chains. Pybus clambered up to him. "What's happened?" he asked.

"We're there," replied the Professor briefly. "Give us a hand to haul in the lead."

"But I don't see any land," protested the grocer.

"And a qua-arter, eight," responded Mr. Hogsbottle irrelevantly. "Didn't they teach you at school that lead-lines are always coiled left-handed?"

"I don't remember," said Pybus, "but where's the land?"

"Why, there, of course," indicating a pinpoint of light flashing in the distance. "That's Puerto Espadillo, just abaft the beam. We're waiting for the pilot to come off."

"They've seen us already," cried Pybus, as a shower of rockets shot into the sky.

"Look, they're signalling."

"They're holding a fiesta, that's all," said the Professor. "The pilot will probably be too busy letting off squibs and twanging mandolines to bother with the 'Antipas' to-night, even if he's sober enough to see us. Go down on the well-deck and watch old Whale-belly letting off blue lights. The man has a passion for them; I suppose they remind him of his limelit barnstorming days."

Hardly had he spoken when another blue light was hissing in the mate's hand as he stood in the wing of the bridge, with his cap perched roughly over one eye. The saccharine smirk vanished abruptly from his face as a falsetto voice from nowhere in particular piped shrilly, "Oh, muvver, look at Ferdinand."

"That'll do the lead," said the mate sharply, sending the flare hissing into the sea.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the Professor respectfully.

Captain Hughes came down to the foredeck as a dug-out canoe approached the foot of the ladder and a dark figure came clambering up the ship's side. The pilot hesitated as his head appeared above the bulwark, and looked at the group on the foredeck with an embarrassed expression, like a small boy peering over an orchard wall.

"How de do, pilot. Come on aboard," greeted China Hughes politely, but the man on the ladder was still diffident.

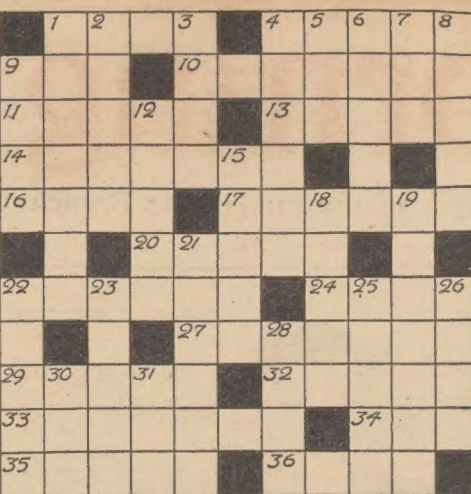
"Mister Capitan, I must first explain," he said uneasily. "I represent the Spirit of Industry and Commerce. There is one carnival on shore, and my daughter in my sea-clothing goes the streets, the Spirit of Intercommunication Marine. When to me your signal it was told, she to me my clothing would not give. Having no time, I thus then had to come."

"That's all right, pilot," said the Captain. "Come aboard." There was a burst of muffled sniggers as the trappings of the Spirit of Industry and Commerce were seen to consist of an abbreviated toga and sash of the national colours, beneath which spindle negro shanks tapered down to huge splay feet.

"Sansculotte," muttered the Professor, sotto voce.

"Tais ta sale gueule, espece de cochon," snarled the pilot, overhearing him. "You think I got no goddam trowse, goddam? My daughter the clothes has got, but

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Food regimen.
- 4 Frisk.
- 9 Personal pronoun.
- 10 Fancy.
- 11 Bring back.
- 13 Conducts.
- 14 Coal.
- 16 Over.
- 17 Lament.
- 20 Roar.
- 22 Net.
- 24 Labels.
- 27 Utter out.
- 29 Had.
- 32 Change.
- 33 Going back.
- 34 Mineral.
- 35 Famous dramatist.
- 36 Attention.

SOPS BRAVED  
PLATEAU AXE  
EDNA TEDIUM  
C AYAH ONLY  
ISM LEANT  
ENACT REVEL  
O ROSE ADO  
KOMA TAIL V  
AKIMBO BINE  
SET INCISOR  
TREATY SEWS

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Digress.
- 2 Fetters.
- 3 Rank.
- 4 Named.
- 5 Eon.
- 6 Musical instrument.
- 7 Finish.
- 8 Fir exudation.
- 9 Plant fibre.
- 12 Coasting vessel.
- 15 Revile.
- 18 Aluminium.
- 19 Fishermen.
- 21 Blush.
- 22 Australasian native.
- 23 Laze.
- 25 Member of cast.
- 26 Dried up.
- 28 Establish.
- 30 Connective tissue.
- 31 Before.

two couple of pair trowse have I. I unbend the goddam trowse for the boat replete with goddam waters, no good for the goddam trowse. Take quick one heaving line and haul back up to me those trowse from the goddam boat, pronto."

The Professor duly hauled up the missing garment, which the pilot resumed where he stood with the awful solemnity of a judge assuming the Black Cap. Fixing Hogsbottle with an icy stare, he summed up that worthy with the sepulchral comment, "You are a deep-down butter-snipe."

"Un momento, señor," called the Professor, as the pilot started towards the bridge.

"What do you want?" demanded the Spirit of Industry and Commerce shortly.

"No fiar anuncios," pleaded Mr. Hogsbottle earnestly. "Todo saldrá en la colada." Snorting and spluttering, the pilot disappeared into the Captain's cabin.

"What's up with the Professor to-night, Hairy?" asked Pybus as they returned to the foc'sle.

"That fella always goes loco when he smells the land," said the Irishman gloomily. "He'd be in a quare-lot of trouble many's the time if he hadn't a colleague like meself to keep an eye on him. She'll be going in at daylight, Queer Fella, so ye'd better skip along to the galley and make a kettle of coffee for all hands; there'll be just time for a smoke before she picks up."

Half an hour later Captain Hughes appeared on the bridge and bellowed "Heave away!" to the dimly visible group on the foc'sle head. In the lee of the wheelhouse huddled the pilot, muffled in the Captain's dressing gown and sneezing violently. Houseflag and ensign hung limp and colourless in the faint light of false dawn. Pybus proudly held a hurricane lantern while the Professor watched for the shackles clanking in at fifteen-fathom intervals, signalling each on the deep-

toned bell. A frenzied jangle announced "Anchor's aweigh"; brring-brring went the telegraph, and the "Herod Antipas" slowly gathered way.

Floating feathers of pale pink and gold multiplied in the Eastern sky, quickly deepening into long banks of crimson and orange. Second by second the tall palms and white buildings on shore gained in colour and definition, as though being slowly focussed by some mighty magic-lantern. The drooping flags rippled slightly at the first puff of off-shore breeze, heavy with scent as if rolling from the door of an immense conservatory.

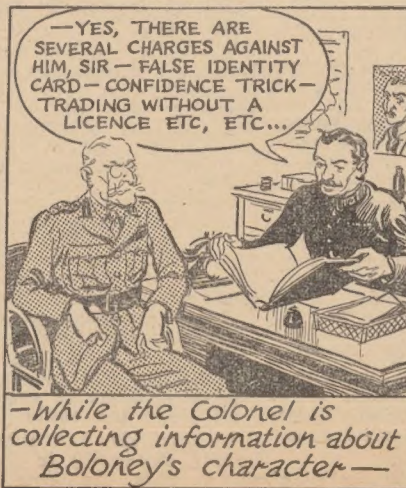
(To be continued)

## QUIZ for today

1. What is the common name of the game of "checkers"?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Paint, Whitewash, Varnish, Enamel, Lacquer, Distemper.
3. What King of England was surnamed "Longshanks"?
4. Which forests do you associate with (a) Robin Hood, (b) Sir Walter Tyrril?
5. Which London theatre kept open throughout the blitz?
6. Who was the father of Isaac in the Bible?
7. To which countries would you go to spend (a) a peso, (b) a drachma, (c) a kroner?
8. What was Mary Pickford's real name?
9. Which regiments are permitted to march through the streets of Edinburgh with fixed bayonets and colours flying?
10. Has the V.C. ever been awarded to a woman, and if so, what is her name?
11. With what sport do you associate the "Du Pre" Cup?
12. King James I is said to have knighted a piece of meat. What was it?

### Answers to Quiz in No. 320

1. Ancient chess piece.
2. Sphere is a curved figure; others are not.
3. Sturgeon's roe.
4. James I.
5. George Robey.
6. Red.
7. Vixen.
8. Adele Astaire.
9. Grenadier Guards (3rd Batt.), The Buffs (East Kent Regiment), Royal Marines, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), The Honourable Artillery Company.
10. Ministry of Economic Welfare.
11. Four.
12. Richard Gatling.

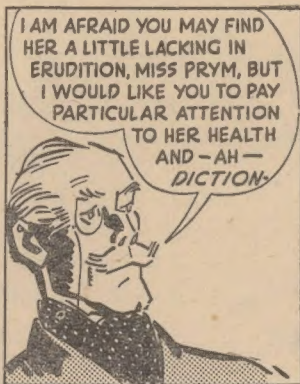




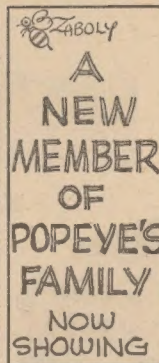
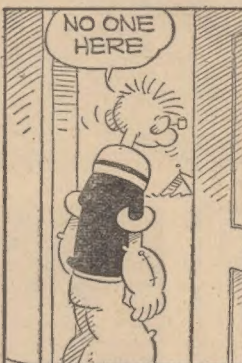
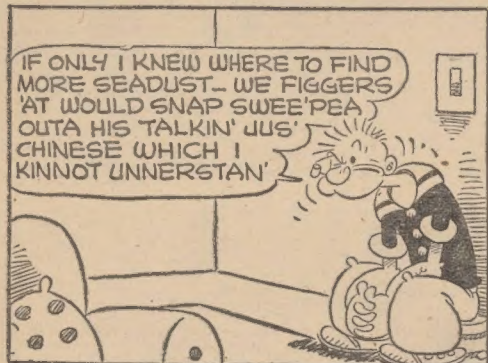
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# ARGUE THIS OUT YOURSELVES

## "MODERN" ART.

THAT at this date "modernistic" art should still be dubbed "subversive" shows that the childish mentality of Dr. Goebbels and his "Bolshevist bogey" is also prevalent elsewhere. . . . The so-called "modern" artists of to-day are genuine, sincere, creative painters, whose work, however experimental it may seem to the narrow-minded traditionalist, is based on intellect, and contains sound painting qualities of a far more subtle standard than most of the Victorians and Edwardians.

R. O. Dunlop, A.R.A.

## MINERS.

WELFARE in the mining industry has mostly been too much the concern of the miners themselves, and too little the concern of the employers. This has meant that there is not in the mining industry that close, friendly relationship between employers and employees which is the natural result when welfare in every aspect is the mutual interest of employers and employees; and when there is no close, friendly relationship there is inevitably a lack of understanding.

Major R. A. C. Radcliffe.

## THE LAST BIG WAR?

UNLESS this world really is a lunatic asylum, we have seen the last big international war, and historians, looking back, may well come to the conclusion that what did most to hasten this stage of progress was the totalitarian development in warfare by which the utterly false distinction was blurred between the civilians of a belligerent nation and the men who did the fighting in their name.

R. L. Megroz.

## MONEY OR SCHOOL-TIE.

IN England you can tell a "gentleman" by his accent, his tie, and his attitude of rather tired tolerance. The millions (in America) of high-school graduates all have similar accents, so that the Judge and his chauffeur talk very nearly alike. Ties have no significance, and everybody (excepting some of the Southerners) has an energetic manner. You cannot, therefore, know who is a big shot except by observing his possessions. This over-estimation of money (except by many fine teachers, civil servants and scientific workers) is a pity, but it is better, more hopeful, than over-estimation of family or school.

Winifred Williams.

## WANTED—NEW HOSPITALS.

HOW can the pain-racked body or mind obtain that essential rest when it is nursed in a city hospital built in the midst of a congested area, where fresh air is at a minimum, sunshine is noticeable by its absence, and the blue sky is scarcely seen? How can the sick individual recuperate when his days and nights are racked by the noise and vibration of the passing traffic, a vibration which is such that in many cases it is affecting the very structure of the building? If the solid fabric of the hospital is giving way under the strain, it seems fantastic to expect the sick individual to escape its effects.

Dr. W. A. R. Thomson.

## PLAN FOR GERMANY (1).

IT will be essential, in the years which follow upon Germany's defeat, to "rationalise" her failure. It will be no use seeking to convince her that she has committed a crime, since her own sense of injury will be impervious to such an accusation. But it will be possible to convince her that she made a mistake; not a small error of strategy or diplomacy, but what she would call a fundamental "geo-political" mistake.

Harold Nicolson, M.P.

## PLAN FOR GERMANY (2).

MY belief is that the only way to make the Germans realise what fools and criminals they have been ever since their evil genius, Bismarck, began eighty years ago to poison them with the virus of bullying, trickery and oppression, is to leave them alone for a while, to have nothing to do with them, to keep their ships off the sea, their aircraft out of the sky, excepting the sky above them and the waters washing their shores. No nation should trade with them or let them have passport visas to leave Germany. . . . They would soon find out why they were boycotted. They would know why the rest of the world despises and detests them. They would hate their shameful past instead of glorying in it. They would strive their utmost to be received into the society of civilised nations.

Hamilton Fyfe.

## PLAN FOR GERMANY (3).

THE attitude of the pacifist can be understood, but not that of the man who says we must prosecute the war with vigour, but afterwards must ensure that the aggressors are not penalised for their crimes. . . . Surely the employment of a psychiatrist is the method which was tried from Hitler's advent up to the outbreak of war, and which failed, in default of a police force. "This sick nation" may be a mental case, and may need a psychiatrist, but it also requires a strait-waistcoat.

Clement Gadsby.



Good  
Morning

# This England

Wisborough  
Green, Sussex,  
showing the

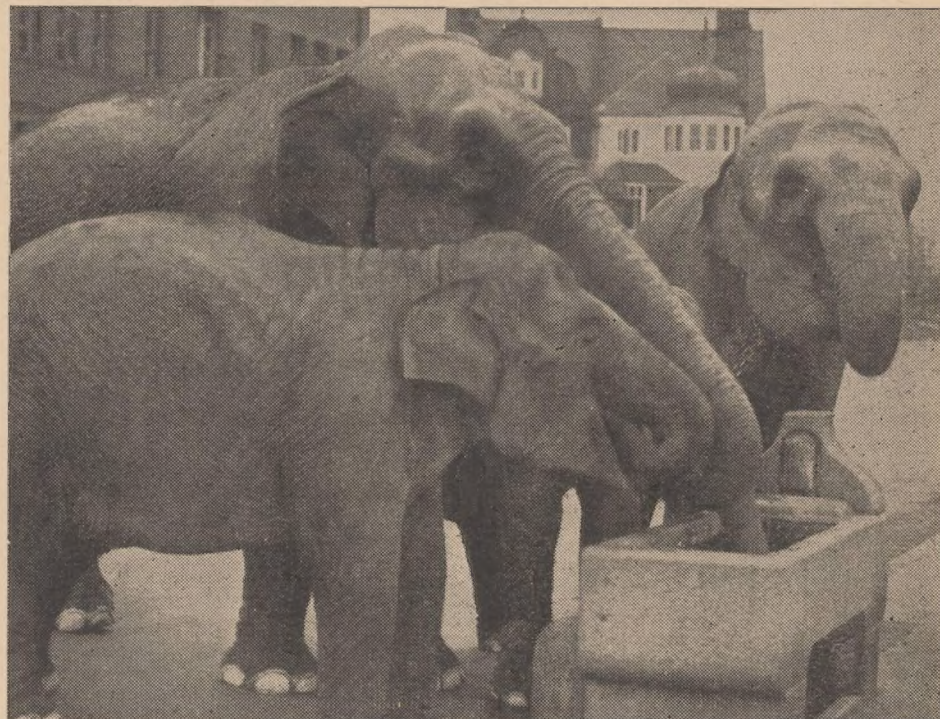
★ Three Crowns Inn in the foreground,  
with the village church in the rear.



MAKE IT  
"SNAPPY"  
BABY



★ Beautiful . . . figura-  
tively speaking, too,  
is Leslie Brooks,  
Columbia starlet, who  
is fast making a name  
for herself.



THANK GOODNESS THEY SIGNED  
THE PLEDGE



REARGUARD  
ATTACK

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Rare 'plucked'  
un, eh?"

